

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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THE SLEEPING SENTINEL

In 1861 the President of the United States called for volunteers to defend our country. The subject of this poem was a youth who volunteered and joined the Vermont regiment and went to the front to do the duties of a soldier. He was found one morning while on guard duty asleep at his post. He was tried before a court-martial and sentenced to be shot. The evening before the execution was to take place the mother of the youth went to President Lincoln and asked for his pardon. The following morning President Lincoln rode out to the battle-field and arrived in time to pardon the soldier. The youth was sitting by his coffin, and the guard were in line ready to fire the fatal shot. He afterwards joined his regiment, was wounded in the next engagement, and died while praying for the President.

This poem was recited by Mr. Murdoch of Philadelphia at the capital of the United States in December, 1862. The object of the entertainment at the capital was to raise money for the benefit of the soldiers who were sick and wounded at the hospitals in Washington. President Abraham Lincoln was present. The author of the poem was Francis De Hass:

'Twas in the sultry summer time, as war's red
revels show,
When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal
foe,
When from the North and East and West, like
the up-heaving sea,
Swept forth Columbia's sons to make our
country truly free.
Within a prison's walls, where shadows veiled
decay,
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier
lay.
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short
and feverish breath,
He waited but the appointed hour to die a
culprit's death.
Yet but a few brief weeks before, untroubled
with a care,
He roamed at will and freely drew his native
mountain air.
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks from
many a woodland foot,
And waving elms and grassy slopes give beauty
to Vermont.

Where, dwelling in a humble cot, a tiller of the
soil,
Enriched by a mother's love, he shared a
father's toil,
Till borne upon the waiting winds his suffering
country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal for her
to live or die.
Then left he all. A few fond tears by firmness
half concealed,
A blessing and a parting prayer, and he was in
the field;
The field of strife whose dews are blood, whose
brezzen war's hot breath,
Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose
husbandman is Death.

Without a murmur he endured a service new
and hard,
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced
one night on guard
He sank exhausted at his post, and the gray
morning found
His prostrate form—a sentinel asleep upon the
ground.

So in the silence of the night, awary on the
sod,
Sank the Disciples watching near the suffering
Son of God;
Yet Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their
weary eyes,
And though betrayed to ruthless foes, forgiving,
bade them rise.
But God is love, and finite minds can faintly
comprehend
How gentle mercy with His rule may with stern
justice blend,
And this poor soldier seized and bound found
none to justify,
While war's inexorable law decreed that he
must die.

'Twas night. In a secluded room, with measur-
ed step and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely
to and fro;
Oppressed he pondered on a land by civil discord
rent,
On brothers armed in deadly strife—it was the
President.

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened
heart with grief;
Embattled host on land and sea, acknowledged
him their chief;
And yet amid the din of war he heard the plain-
tive cry
Of that poor soldier as he lay in prison doomed
to die.

'Twas morning. On a tented field and through
the heated haze,
Flashed back from lines of burnished arms
the sun's effulgent blaze;
While from a somber prison-house, seen slowly
to emerge
A sad procession o'er the sward moved to a
muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step and pale
and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had
his place;
A youth led out to die; and yet it was not death,
but shame

That smote his gallant heart with dread and
shook his manly frame.
Still on before the marshalled ranks the train
pursued its way
Up to the designated spot whereon a coffin lay—

His coffin: and with reeling brain, despairing,
desolate,
He took his station by its side, abandoned to
his fate.
Then came across his wavering sight strange
pictures on the air—
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his
parents there;
He saw them bound in hopeless grief through
fast declining years;
He saw a nameless grave; and then the vision
closed in tears.
Yet once again in double file advancing, then
he saw
Twelve comrades sternly set apart to execute
the law;
But saw no more; his senses swam, deep dark-
ness settled round,
And shuddering he awaited now the fated
volley's sound.
Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds
and wheels approach,
And rolling through a cloud of dust appeared a
stately coach.
On past the guard and through the fields its
rapid course was bent.
Till, halting 'mid the lines, was seen the nation's
President.

He came to save that stricken soul now waking
from despair
And from a thousand voices rose a shout that
rent the air:
The pardoned soldier understood the tones of
jubilee,
And, bounding from his fetters, blessed the
hand that made him free.

'Twas spring. Within a verdant vale where
Warwick's crystal tide
Reflected o'er its peaceful breast fair fields on
either side,
Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a
sylvan solitude,
Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce
defiance stood.

Two threatening armies—one invoked by in-
jured liberty,
Which bore above its patriot ranks the symbol
of the free;
And one a rebel horde beneath a flaunting flag
of bars.

A fragment torn by traitorous hands from
Freedom's Stripes and Stars.
A sudden burst of smoke and flame from many
a thundering gun
Proclaimed along the echoing hills the conflict
had begun:

White shot and shell athwart the stream with
British fury sped,
To strew among the living lines the dying and
the dead.
Then louder than the roaring storm pealed forth
the stern command,
'Charge, soldiers, charge!' And at the word,
a shout, a fearless band,
Two hundred heroes from Vermont rushed
onward through the flood,
And upward o'er the rising ground they marked
their way in blood.

The smitten foe before them fled in terror from
his post.
While unattended, two hundred stood to battle
with a host;
Then turning, as the rallying ranks with murder-
ous fire repelled,
They bore the fallen o'er the field and through
the purple tide.

The fallen: and the first who fell in the unequal
strife
Was he whom mercy sped to save when justice
claimed his life;
The pardoned soldier: and while yet the con-
flict raged around,
While yet his life-blood ebbed away through
every gaping wound,
While yet his voice grew tremulous and death
bedimmed his eye,
He called his comrades to attend he had not
feared to die;
And in his last expiring breath a prayer to
Heaven was sent,
That God, with His unfailing grace, would bless
the President.

A Public Building for Bloomfield.

Forty-three small cities in New Jersey
are interested in the scheme now before
the Congressional Committee on Public
Buildings. It is proposed to authorize
the erection of small Federal buildings
in the cities at no greater cost than
\$10,000 each, to be used as post-offices
and for other purposes. The basis of
the selection is cities having a postal
revenue in excess of \$5,000.

It is therefore quite possible that
within the next two years the following
places in the State will come in for new
post office buildings: Asbury Park,
Atlantic City, Bayonne, Bloomfield,
Bordentown, Bridgeton, Burlington,
Cape May, Dover, East Orange, Elizabeth,
Englewood, Freehold, Hackensack, Lake-
wood, Lambertville, Long Branch, Mad-
ison, Millerville, Montclair, Morristown,
Mount Holly, New Brunswick, Newton,
Ocean Grove, Orange, Passaic, Perth
Amboy, Phillipsburg, Plainfield, Prince-
ton, Rahway, Red Bank, Rutherford,
Salem, Somersville, Summit, Vineland,
Washington, Weehawken, Westfield,
West Hoboken, and Woodbury. The
total cost of the buildings for these
places would be about \$450,000, or at the
farthest \$500,000. In nearly all these
places the Government makes liberal al-
lowances for the post-offices, and in
some instances there would be a direct
saving of money for the United States to
own its own building, and it would se-
cure better convenience for the public.

Second New Jersey Brigade.

The fifth annual reunion of the Second
New Jersey Brigade Society, including
the New Jersey Regiments 5th, 6th, 7th,
8th and 11th, Massachusetts 1st and
11th, New York 3d and 120th, Pennsylv-
ania 29th and 115th, Maine First Heavy
Artillery, and Battery B, Clark's, will
be held at Jersey City next Saturday,
April 9. The Society will convene in
Van Houten Post Room, G. A. R. City
Hall, at eleven o'clock A. M. sharp.
After the transaction of the business of
the Society, a banquet will be spread in
Wood's Hall on Barrow Street. The
Hon. Edward F. McDonald, of the 7th
N. J., will deliver the address of the
day. Sergeant Thomas D. Marbaker, of
the 11th N. J., will read a poem. Gen-
erals Sickles, Sewell, Rusling, Hon.
Frank Coles, and others will be present
and address the Society. Appomattox,
April 9th, 1865.

Try a pair of our celebrated \$3 Pice-
dilly Bluchers at Shoenthal's.—Advt.

AT THE THEATRES.

At Miner's Newark Theatre.

The management takes pleasure in
announcing the engagement of the popu-
lar young actor Joseph Haworth, who is
well and favorably known throughout
the East for his vivid and admirable act-
ing in various lines of dramatic art in
the past. Those who remember his
successes in "Paul Kaurvar," "Hoodman
Blind" and "Philip Herne," will be in-
terested to learn that this season he has
eclipsed all previous efforts in a round
of romantic plays. The Brooklyn Eagle
has said of him: "He will fill Booth's
place before he dies, and mark the pre-
diction, he will be greater than Booth,"
while Nym Crinkle in the New York
World remarked: "He has what in the
theatre they call genius, but for want of
a better name we will call it inspira-
tion."

Next Monday and Tuesday nights and
at the Saturday matinee, Mr. Haworth
will be seen in a revival of the late E. L.
Davenport's romantic drama "St. Marc
the Soldier of Fortune," a picturesque
and thrilling Italian love story of the
16th century, that everywhere has been
received with hurricanes of applause.
On Wednesday and Thursday nights Mr.
Haworth's latest success, Henry Irving's
masterpiece, "The Bells" will be pre-
sented. Mr. Haworth in the role of
Mathias, the conscience burdened Als-
atian innkeeper. In this characterization
he is said to have achieved one of his
most brilliant triumphs. Friday and
Saturday nights will be devoted to
Booth's version of Victor Hugo's intense
romantic tragedy, "Ruy Blas" in which
this remarkable young actor has the
part of "the lackey with the soul of a
noble."

At Waldmann's.

The immortal Tony Pastor himself
might learn a thing or two from the per-
formances which the Boston Howard
Atheneum troupe is giving. From be-
ginning to end the entertainment is of
the most clever, novel, and interesting
description. The principal performers
are Miss Ena Bertoldi, acrobat, and
Kara, juggler. Probably Miss Bertoldi's
feats in contortion and acrobatics have
never been equaled. It is hard to see
how they could be surpassed. She
walks up and down ladders on her hands
and jumps from chairs on her hands.
She walks on stilts in reverse fashion,
that is with her shoulders resting on the
stilts and her legs waving gracefully in
the air. Her most marvelous act is the
one pictured on all the bill-boards, that
of supporting her whole weight in a con-
torted position by the mere celerity of her
jaws on a small support. Kara can toss
and catch six balls at a time, and do
other amazing feats in juggling and
balancing. The rest of the performance
is of very superior merit. The act of
Josie and Eddie Evans is original and
most amusing. Fulgora does his light-
ning changes with such dispatch that
the eye can hardly follow him. Falke
and Semens are happy in their musical
act. James and Lucy Allison dance and
sing. A. O. Duncan is a good ventrilo-
quist, Janet and Melville Stetson give
some capital dialect imitations, Golden
and Quigg keep the audience in a roar
with their antics, and the Broatz
brothers wind up the entertainment
finely with their agile acrobatic act,
some features of which are altogether
new and astounding. This great com-
pany may be seen all of next week at
Waldmann's Newark Opera-house.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the
senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY &
Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County
and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay
the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each
and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured
by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribers in my
presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1891.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and
acts directly upon the blood and mucous
surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials
free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.—Advt.

Specimen Cases
S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled
with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach
was disordered, his liver was affected to an
alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he
was terribly reduced in flesh and strength.
Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a
running sore on his leg of eight years' stand-
ing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and
seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his
leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba,
O., had five large Fever Sores on his leg; doc-
tors said he was incurable. One bottle of Elec-
tric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve
cured him entirely. Sold at GEO. M. WOOD'S
Drugstore.—Advt.

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An assortment that caters to the
very modest, as well as to the
most elaborate of tastes.

China Silk Stripe and Surah
Waists, in Navy, Black and
Cardinal, regular value \$4.
OPENING AT.....\$3.65

Surah Silk Waists, Blouse Ef-
fect, Jabot Front, regular
value \$5. OPENING AT.....\$4.45

China Silk Waists in Fancy
Colored Hair Lines, full down
front, collar and cuffs, regu-
lar value \$6.50. Opening at
.....\$5.95

Twenty-five Dozen GINGHAM
WRAPPERS, New Styles, reg
value \$1.25. Opening at.....95 c

Thirty dozen Cambric and Per-
cale Wrappers, with and
without embroidery, all new
Spring coloring, regular
value \$1.50. OPENING AT.....\$1.10

28 Dozen Cambric Wrappers,
Watteau back, finished with
herringbone stitching on col-
lar, cuffs and yoke, regular
value \$1.50. OPENING AT.....\$1.25

20 dozen Percale Wrappers,
in very choice colorings,
tight fitting back, ruffle
around neck and down front
regular value \$2.00. OPEN-
ING AT.....\$1.69

All the Pretty Cloaks,
All the Handsome Bonnets,
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Cash or Credit.

KITCHEN.

Range and Fixtures.....\$12.00
Table.....12
Two Chairs.....8
Oilcloth.....10

DINING ROOM.

Extension Table.....\$5.00
Six Dining Chairs.....4.00
Twelve yards Ingrain Carpets.....6.00
Mirror.....3.00
Lounge.....7.00
Rockers.....2.00

PARLOR.

Plush Parlor Suit.....\$45.00
Twenty-five yards Brussels Carpet, made and laid.....16.25
Mirror.....7.00
Table.....5.00
Parlor Stove.....10.00

BEDROOM No. 1.

Antique Oak Bedroom Suit.....\$23.50
Sixteen yards Ingrain Carpet.....8.00
Mattress, Spring and all Bedding complete.....10.00

BEDROOM No. 2.

Bedroom Suit.....\$17.50
Twelve yards Ingrain Carpet.....7.25
Mattress, Spring and Bedding complete.....7.00

To Carpet Buyers.

I will make and lay Carpets with paper free of
charge until further notice, which is a saving of 15
cents per yard to purchasers.

Credit Given at these Prices. Telephone 580.

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procured Café Royal of me in
New York will be pleased to
know that it is now for sale by
Mr. Chas. W. Martin, who is
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To those who have never
used it I can only say it comes
handsomely packed in two
pound cans, which always in-
sures a uniform coffee, and
suggests a trial order.

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25x100, \$100.

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